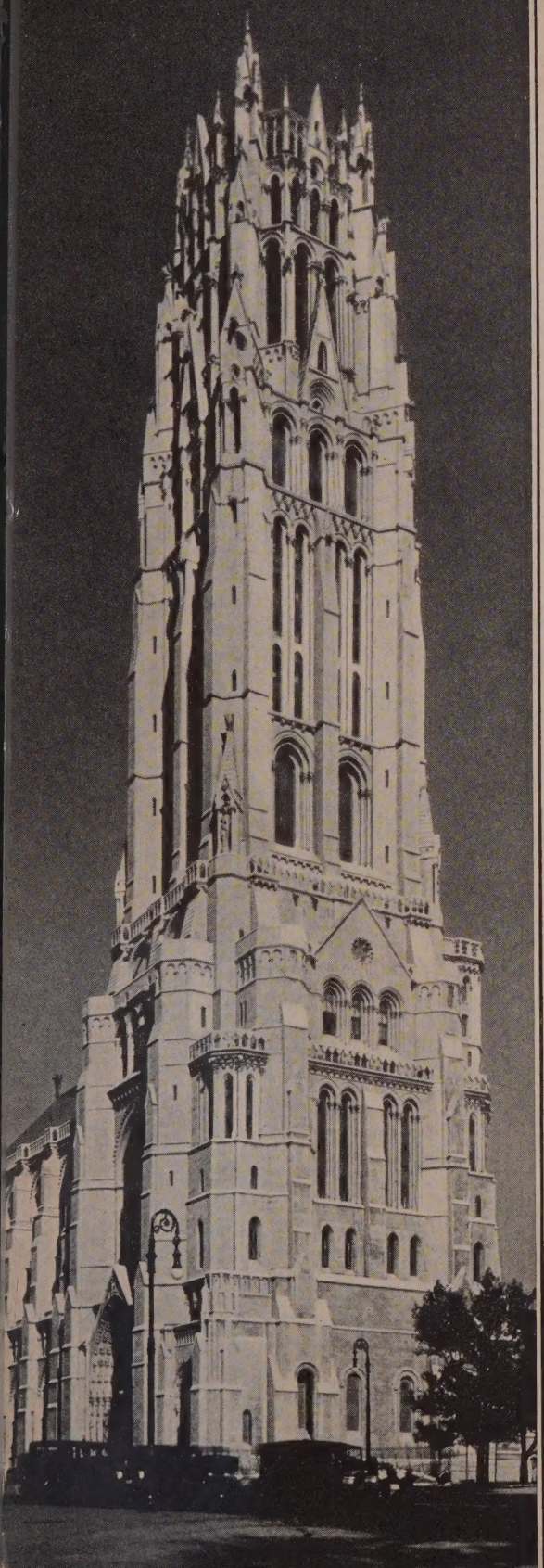

LEVEL ONE

The Church Monthly

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SEPTEMBER, 1935

Every Man's Religion His Own

Harold Vincent Milligan

The Carillon of Cohasset

PUBLISHED BY THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH, NEW YORK

Every Man's Religion His Own

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

In the New Testament the Christian Gospel is spoken of in two contrasted ways. On the one side, it is an objective, external fact; whether accepted or rejected, there it stands, a message to mankind through an historic personality. So the book of Revelation calls it "the everlasting gospel" and Paul refers to it as "the gospel of God" and "the gospel of Christ." Paul calls it by another name, however, suggestive of another range of meaning, when in his letter to the Romans he writes, "according to my gospel." So, when Christianity came into Paul's mind and, like the ocean flowing into a special bay, took the contour of his experience, not only did something profoundly important happen to Paul, as we have always understood, but something profoundly important happened to the gospel. As Paul looked at the result, he could call it, indeed, "Christ's gospel," but also "my gospel"—that is to say, Christ's gospel as it has taken shape in me, as I have been able to apprehend it, seen with my eyes and applicable to my life—*my* gospel.

If this were merely an historic matter, we could content ourselves with studying, as scholars do, the changes of category and color that were impressed upon the Christian message when it passed through the mind of Paul. But this is more than an ancient matter. Who of us can consider his own religious problems or watch the souls of men struggling with belief and disbelief and not see how many of our difficulties spring from this contrast: on the one side, the historic gospel, the official gospel, established Christianity, and, on the other side, what is real to me in Christianity, what gets me and makes a difference to me—*my* gospel.

Let us start by noting that something always does happen to Christianity when it comes into a new life. We commonly emphasize the transforming experience that befalls the soul. See, we say, from St. Augustine and St. Francis of Assisi to John Bunyan and Kagawa of Japan, when Christianity comes into men it radically changes them. But here is a companion truth: in St. Augustine and St. Francis, John Bunyan and Kagawa of Japan, Christianity flowed into diverse contours of mind and character and shaped itself to intellectual forms and practical expressions intensely individual and unique. Surely, something transforming happened to the men but something transforming happened also to the gospel. There is a sense in which there is a new kind of Christianity every time it flows into a new soul.

Certainly that was true in the case of Paul. Every New Testament scholar understands what is meant by "Pauline Christianity." It was not the same as the Christianity of James or John; it was not identical with Peter's. The sun falls through a prism into diverse colors. A tree puts forth its leaves, no two of them alike. So, even at the first, New Testament Christianity was not a unanimous and indiscriminate affair. It kept flowing into fresh personalities and becoming a new thing in each new soul.

Even before one goes further with this matter, it ought to have significance for some one here, especially some young, independent spirit, resentful at the endeavors of the elders to run him into predetermined molds, particularly wary, it may be, about putting his neck, as he figures it, into the noose of official Christianity. Friend, you have that figure wrong. Religion is not like a noose; it is like music. To be sure, music has basic and eternal factors in it which cause it always to be music and not something else, but it has also this constantly revivifying attribute that each new musician who is possessed by it makes it a new thing. Palestrina could have said, My music. Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Wagner, César Franck — the merest amateur in appreciation knows the difference. Whenever music flows into the contours of a new artist, it becomes a fresh, original, individual thing. So is real Christianity. The Master never tried to make James like John or John like Peter. Individuality is of the essence of religion. I would not for anything run you into a religious mold, but if the great realm of spiritual life revealed in Christ could find in you a fresh, original expression, so that of some of it you verily could say, My gospel, that would be a major event in your life story.

With so much clear, let us pass to a further aspect of the matter. By its essential nature, religion is a kind of experience which, if we are to possess it at all, must be possessed by each man for himself. We fool ourselves about the things we can publicly inherit. Gratefully lumping in a general mass the high traditions of the race and calling them ours, we forget that there are realms of experience which by no possibility can be inherited. In them each new man, as he arrives, must be a personal discoverer. Real estate can be handed down from one generation to another but not friendship. To be sure, our inheritance can help us there, leading us to opportunities for friendship else impossible, but always the inevitable moment comes when, if I do not claim the privilege so that for myself I can say, My friend, then no matter what the tradition of friendship may be, I have no vital portion in it.

Sometimes this seems about as solemn a fact as life presents us with. Some things can be done once for all and we reap the benefit, no matter what we do. Columbus discovered America; it need not be done again. Edison discovered electric light; that is a gain for us all, willy-nilly. But soon one's thought passes over the boundaries of such public inheritance to those realms where, no matter what has been done in the past, it is of small account to me if I do not personally rediscover it, appropriate it, possess myself of it, and intimately live by it. All the courage of the past means nought to a man who cannot say, *My* courage. All the prayers of the past cannot nourish the spirit that never prays. There are no proxies for the soul. Only what is mine is really mine. The profoundest experiences of the spirit must be reproduced in each new man. No substitute can take my place in loving Shakespeare or delighting in nature. I can have no surrogate in worshiping God or caring for my fellow men.

Indeed, is it not clear that the supreme hours in human life come when some universal experience impinges upon our individual experience and becomes our very own? All men must die; that is a universal. Then some day the

inevitable hour arrives when it ceases being merely universal and becomes individual—I must die. In that hour there are no proxies for the soul.

Love is a universal. We had known the tradition of love from our youth up and many a story of it and poem about it we had read. Then the hour came when it was no longer merely universal but particular. Love became our very own. In such hours there are no substitutes for the soul.

Surely, this applies to the Christianity of some one here. Multitudes of people in Christendom have no more Christianity than they can outwardly inherit—its forms and customs. Yet, living in a world where the spiritual life revealed in Christ is available, it is a tragedy not to have some of it for one's own and be able to say of its inner faiths, its deep resources, its saving virtues, That is mine.

Indeed, such are the intellectual problems of some of us that, if we are to have any Christianity at all, we must have it on our own terms; we must give up all Christianity unless we can thus be independent about it and have our own kind, even though it differs from the official brand. Surely, that was true of Paul. No sooner had Christ's commanding presence come into his life than, he tells us, he consulted with no man but went off to Arabia alone! He had, for himself, to think through this new experience and, when he returned, he brought back Christianity, indeed, but Pauline Christianity, his very own.

If that attitude was necessary even in those days, when official standardization had so little affected the gospel, how much more is it needed now! Some of us would find our whole lives profoundly changed if once we thoroughly understood the implications of this approach to being Christian. "I do not see," says a recent letter, "how people can believe the Apostles' Creed." "What do you make," says another, "of all this mass of sectarian ecclesiasticism?" You see, such minds are confronting the official gospel, established Christianity, and because it is not theirs they stand outside it.

Let a man who has been a minister of Christ for over thirty years say, I do not see, either, how people believe all the Apostles' Creed or consent to the sectarian churches. Surely, if Paul were here, far from consenting to our formal creeds and official churches, he would go again to some Arabia and think this thing through for himself, go down into the inner elements of Christ's message to discover what does verily belong to him there, apprehended by his mind and applicable to his life.

My grandsire was a stalwart Christian, but my Christianity is not like his. To be sure, it is like his in the same sense in which music is always music, whoever interprets it, or nature's beauty nature's beauty still, whether Homer sing of "the wine-dark sea" or Shelley celebrate the west wind on an autumn day. Surely, my grandsire's Christianity and mine are of kin but how different—in intellectual formulation, in practical expression, how profoundly different!

This, which is true of individuals, is true also of generations as a whole. Go back to some ancient day in Europe when, let us say, within thirty-four years the Black Death carried off twenty-five million of the population, when misery reached depths beyond imagination's fathoming, when Christianity, having no visible hopes on earth, concerned itself overwhelmingly with post-mortem otherworldliness. That is not our Christianity; it cannot

be. Here is the healthy side of modernism. We have broken up the idea that Christianity is like an old copy book in school with a perfect, copperplate piece of writing on the page's top which we must repeat and repeat with linear exactness down the page. Vital Christianity never was like that. Was St. Francis a copy of St. Augustine? Is Sir Wilfred Grenfell a copy of Phillips Brooks? Are all of them together merely copies of Jesus? Such souls in religion have been as gloriously diverse as artists have been in art.

Here in this church many people have joined with us who came at first shyly and hesitantly, wondering whether they had a right to a place in the organized company of Christ. They said in effect: We do not accept the official creeds; we cannot believe all that the official church seems to teach, but here at the center of our lives is that much of Christianity we have found very real, by which we are trying to live, for which we will gladly stand; have we a right in the Christian fellowship? One of the most notable results of this church's policy is found in souls like that, scores of them, among the most exhilarating characters and the most effective workers in our fellowship. For even a little Christianity personally possessed is worth an infinite amount of Christianity externally copied.

Let us press on now from this to a matter immediately suggested by it. In a day of trial and strain it is only that much of the gospel which has become *my* gospel which can stand the storm of doubt and trouble. A few years ago, for example, Bertrand and Dora Russell blew across this country like a high wind, arousing everywhere the publicity which sensationalism can always evoke. And this was their message, that marital fidelity is now an obsolete ideal, that husbands and wives should freely grant each other extra-marital liaisons, that jealousy about such liaisons is the sign of a narrow mind, that now at last the hour had struck for emancipation from such obscurantism, and that they, Bertrand and Dora Russell, were in their own relationships exhibiting their gospel's truth. So they talked and the repercussions of their influence were tremendous. Only a week ago I ran upon another sample of it. To be sure, within the last few months Bertrand and Dora Russell themselves have come to the end of their matrimonial rope in one of the most scandalous divorce actions in recent English history. But some of us did not have to wait for that before we knew that they were absolutely wrong. And if asked how we could be so sure, the answer would go back not so much to general argument about the psychological factors in marriage, although they seem obvious enough, but even more it would go back to our personal experience of what a great home is like—*my* family life, as I knew it when I was a boy and as I have known it since. A deep conviction about the home, able to stand the storms of modern doubt and the persuasiveness of clever argument, is that much of the general truth about the family that has become one's very own.

If, then, in the realm of religion some one asks how it is that in this terrific generation, when every form of unbelief has pitilessly beaten on the Christian faith, some of us, shielded by no orthodoxy from the full force of the storm, have still maintained a Christian faith, the best answer, I suspect, was given by Canon Streeter of the University of Oxford. He kept his faith, he said, though often sorely tried, be-

cause he had an inner experience which he knew a materialistic interpretation of the universe was powerless to explain. Some of us have had all the theology we possessed stripped from us and every argument we had been accustomed to use in the defense of our faith wrested from our hands. What a generation it has been in which to keep one's faith! But always in a pinch there was that unshaken core of solid fact, an inner experience which we knew a materialistic interpretation of the universe was powerless to explain—my gospel!

As for trouble, that always reveals the difference between a Christianity affixed to us and a Christianity possessed by us. I do not need to tell you in days like these how easily the things not our very own peter out in a crisis. It is when the storms fall that the Pauls stand out and if one asks why the Pauls stand out, the answer is not so much that they believed in *the* gospel—millions do that—as that a vital part of the gospel had become so really theirs that, though the tempests beat, they could say, This verily is mine.

Hear, then, the conclusion of the matter, that without such recognition of the individuality of religious experience there can be no genuine religion but with the recognition of it there does come also a serious peril. Suppose we should hear a man say that he loved nature and that far from being a borrowed experience it was his very own; we should be glad of that. But suppose we should learn then that this man, though he had means and opportunity to acquaint himself with nature in all her varied moods on sea and mountain, never left New York and that what he meant by his experience of nature was only what he got in Central Park. That would trouble us. What a pity, we would say, that a man who has in him the capacity to love nature and has this solid core of real experience in Central Park should not extend it! Has he not read Masefield on the ocean or Wordsworth on the hills? Have not Keats and Shelley awakened his discontent with his too limited delight in nature and made him want to go adventuring for larger views and deeper insights? To be sure, an independent mind will not subjugate itself to authority but there are two kinds of authority. Keats and Shelley do not ask a man to put out his eyes in order to use theirs. Keats and Shelley open a man's eyes to see what else he had not seen. What is the matter with a man, then, who, when he has a real experience in a great realm of human life, does not want more?

That parable certainly applies to some of us. For here is the unhealthy side of modernism. Accentuating individualism in Christian faith and experience, we have done well but, in consequence, too many modernists, possessing only a little real religion, as though all the nature that a man knew were in Central Park, have settled down with that, content, complacent, sometimes intellectually supercilious, saying, My gospel. Friends, you would not take a cupful of scientific knowledge and, saying, My science! be content as though it were the whole. You would be humble about that and pray for more.

So I raise with you the question of your Christianity. Is ours the only bay into which the great sea of God has flowed that we should be satisfied with it? No one ever understands what the church really means until he sees her in this regard. The real church—ideal, spiritual, catholic, universal—is trying to keep all the bays in mind, to comprehend them all and not forget the

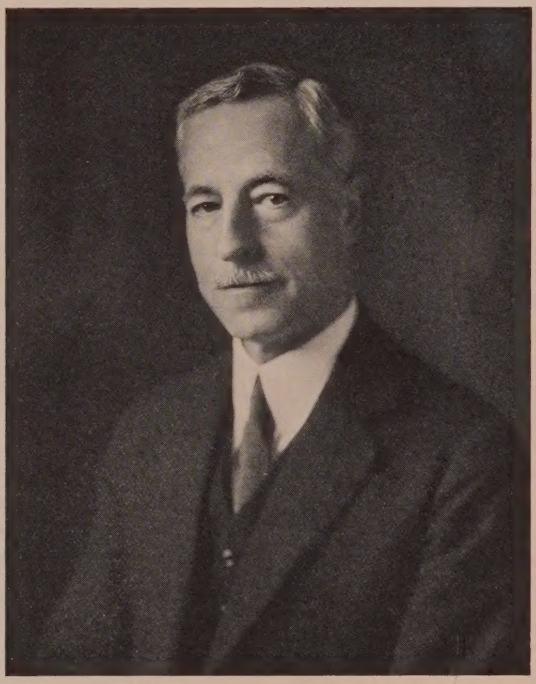
ocean. For our individualistic Christianities are minute and partial. Some individuals are all for personal religion; that is real to them. Some are keen about the social gospel; that grips them. Some are mystics and prayer is their native speech. Some are ethicists and the gist of their gospel is "By their fruits ye shall know them." Some come at religion by way of the intellect, head first; it is philosophy to them. Some come with broken lives; for them it is forgiveness and renewal. How partial we are and how incomplete our particular outlooks on the sea!

Sometimes in imagination I behold the church—as I wish in this closing moment of our worship you might behold her—pleading with us as though she said, Prize, indeed, your individual Christianity, but humbly, mind you, humbly and with tolerance for others and, above all, with penitence profound that when you say, *My* gospel, it falls so far short of being *the* gospel.

PRAYER

O God of the Master, Who above all else hated hypocrisy and sham, make us real and let what religion we do have be verily our own. In his spirit. Amen.

Dr. Fosdick preached the foregoing sermon on March 3, 1935.



HENRY C. PELTON

of the firm of Allen & Collens, Associated Architects, and Designers of The Riverside Church. Mr. Pelton died August 28th. A memorial service will be held on a date to be announced

Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

Eternal Spirit, in Whom we live and move and have our being, we open our hearts to Thee. Not the lack of Thy presence but the insensitiveness of our spirits keeps us from awareness of Thy power and beauty. The preoccupation of our thoughts, the busyness of our hands, the multiplication of outward things and the pressure of circumstance possess our days until we do not love the Highest when we see it!

Make the divine life real to us. Lift up visibly above the horizon of our souls whatever is excellent and beautiful, august, and of a good report. Give us for the guerdon of our worship some beauty that we may see it, some truth that we may know it, some goodness that we may possess it, and, since to be carnally minded is death but to be spiritually minded is life and peace, grant unto us the spirit of our Lord. Save us from formality of worship, lest like rivers blocked by their own ice the frozen forms of our religion shall keep us from Thee.

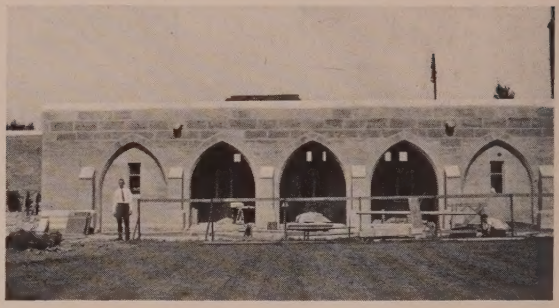
We will be content with nothing less than Thyself, O Thou Life Divine, not far off but near at hand, made real in all that is gracious and true, loving and strong, courageous and beautiful. By many arguments we have not been persuaded of Thee but, in hours when our eyes have been opened and in some simple, humble place we have seen spiritual beauty and have loved it, we have known Thee. Grant unto us that insight once more, we beseech Thee. From this place, where we have kept company with lofty thoughts and worthy aspirations, send us with gentler hearts, and stronger wills, and clearer vision.

If the friction of the world has hardened us and its irritations made us fretful, let the love of God be shed abroad in our hearts that with kinder eyes we may look upon our fellow men in this mysterious pilgrimage between two eternities. If we have moved among the mists on the moorlands of our lives, may we feel the ground ascending under our feet that, on a loftier altitude and bathed in a cleaner moral air, we may have wider horizons around us. Send us back to live with refreshed courage. O God, canst Thou understand how brave a man must be to live this life well? Be not to us far off in this our deep and constant need, but like a fountain underground break forth into us in faith and courage.

We lift up before Thee our public needs. For families we pray where sorrow walks and bereavement sits enthroned, where hardship has fallen, where the days are difficult and the nights are fearful. We pray Thee for our churches, dismembered over things that matter least and refusing to unite around things that matter most. For our economic life we pray, which might open doors of opportunity before all the sons and daughters of the people, but which, in ethical failure and practical collapse, weighs down not the bodies only but the spirits of mankind. For our civic life we pray Thee that, stronger than crime and corruption, selfishness and apathy, the conscience of the people may rise again. And upon all who work for peace against war and

(*Continued on page 223*)

THE NEW STONE WALL ENCLOSING THE PLAY-GROUND



OUTSIDE STAIRS TO ROOF OF FIELD HOUSE

FIELD HOUSE AS SEEN FROM CLAREMONT AVENUE

These snapshots show the progress of the construction that has been going on south of our building during the summer months. Here is being developed the playground and recreation area for the children and teen-age boys. The "field house" will be used by the Nursery School during the week and also provide for the storage of equipment and for wash rooms. The wall and field house are of native stone construction with limestone quoins and trim.

EIGHT WEDNESDAY EVENINGS *with* DR. FOSDICK

OCTOBER 2 *to* NOVEMBER 20, 1935

Assembly Hall — 8.00 P. M.

THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY

OCTOBER 2nd—Church Night. Communion Preparatory Address. Dinner in the gymnasium at 6:30 P. M. (*Reservations should be made in advance.*)

BEGINNING OCTOBER 9th—A Fall course of six addresses on

"HOW MEN LEARNED TO PRAY"

The story of changing and expanding ideas of prayer in the Bible; a study of failure and success in the understanding and use of prayer, from primitive beginnings to the end of the New Testament—with light from history on our modern problems in praying.

October 9th—Why Personal Prayer Was Unknown at the Bible's Beginning.

October 16th—A High-road through the Bible, from an Unapproachable to an Indwelling God.

October 23rd —Two Approaches to Real Praying via the Prophet and the Priest.

October 30th —Church Night. Preparatory Address.

November 6th—From Small to Great Prayers, as Recorded in the Bible.

November 13th—Where the New Testament Leaves Prayer and Worship.

November 20th—What an Intelligent Modern Means by Prayer.

HAROLD VINCENT MILLIGAN

Harold Vincent Milligan

TIME was when a church in New York City was expected to hold a service, or possibly two, on Sunday, conduct a "Sunday School" primarily for the children of the members, have a "young people's meeting" on Sunday evening, and hold a "prayer meeting" on Wednesday or Thursday. That was about the extent of church activities in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church at the time, back in 1915, when Mr. Milligan assumed his duties as organist there. For three months during the summer all services were suspended for the very good and sufficient reason that since the congregation had dispersed for the vacation period there was no particular point in keeping the building open. An organist could easily carry the work of the church on Sunday, serve a synagogue in like capacity on Saturday, and still have time for other interests and responsibilities. So the organists in such situations spread themselves over much territory and they needed to if out of it all they were to "make a living" because both the synagogues and the churches paid salaries that were definitely "part-time."

As a church we have come a long way since 1915 and Mr. Milligan has come with us in the leadership of the music, in his understanding of our religious philosophy, and in his capacity to fill the very large place which an organist and choir director has in such an institution as The Riverside Church.

We are officially offering Mr. Milligan our congratulations and best wishes as he completes twenty years here and begins this month on another challenging year of work. We want the members of the congregation to know Mr. Milligan more intimately than has been possible for most of them and to that end we are putting down here some of the events and experiences which will help to introduce him even though for so many years he has been literally speaking and singing and praying for us in service after service.

Harold Vincent Milligan was born in Astoria, Oregon, the son and grandson of Presbyterian ministers. His father, who was at that time pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Astoria, was one of the pioneer ministers in that remote Home Mission field. A few years later he became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Boise, Idaho, where the twelve-year-old boy began his career as a church organist. There was no salary involved but a few years later he lost his amateur standing when he became organist of Calvary Presbyterian Church in Portland, Oregon. In addition to playing the organ, he rehearsed the volunteer chorus choir and played in Sunday School and Christian Endeavor Society, beside the two regular church services, and the salary was $15.00 a month.

In 1907, Mr. Milligan, who was then nineteen years old, secured a leave of absence from Calvary Church and came to New York to study with Dr. William C. Carl, organist of the Old First Presbyterian Church. He tactfully told his teacher that if he could secure a church position he could afford to stay longer and Dr. Carl introduced him to the Music Committee of the First Presbyterian Church of Orange, New Jersey, who engaged him to take

charge of the music at that Church. At the end of a year, he was engaged as organist and director of the choir at Rutgers Presbyterian Church, 73rd Street and Broadway, New York City.

Return to Oregon was now out of the question. Mr. Milligan remained five years at Rutgers Church and then went to Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, the historic church of Henry Ward Beecher.

In the early spring of 1915, the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church was looking for a successor to Harry Rowe Shelley, who had been organist there for many years. Instead of announcing the vacancy and then considering the various applicants, the Music Committee, consisting of the late Dr. L. Emmett Holt and the late William M. Crane, decided to hear some organists in their regular Sunday services instead of at auditions. They were looking for a man young enough in years to give promise of a long tenure of office and yet one who had already established himself to some degree. So Dr. Holt and Mr. Crane spent many Sundays in various parts of the city on their "still hunt." In the course of time they came to Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, whose young organist was on their list. After the service they went up to the organ loft and introduced themselves to the organist. They asked him if he would consider another position and he said he would and in due time the contract was signed.

Mr. Milligan took up his new duties on the first Sunday in May, 1915. The old building on 46th Street was out of date and the congregation was already planning to rebuild but there were numerous delays, including the war, and it was not until seven years later, in 1922, that the new building was ready and the congregation moved from 46th Street to Park Avenue and 64th Street. The organ at the old 46th Street building was antiquated and not in good repair but on Park Avenue there was a new organ and the choir was increased to eight solo voices.

It was at Park Avenue that Mr. Milligan began the Ministry of Music services, which have been incorporated into our program at Riverside as our regular "second service" during the winter and spring.

In addition to his church work, Mr. Milligan has been active in other fields of musical life. His compositions include pieces for organ, anthems, songs, operettas, and incidental music for plays. He has done a large amount of original research into the history of music in America, as a result of which he collected and edited four volumes of hitherto unknown songs written in America during the 18th century, and he is the author of the first biography of Stephen Foster, composer of The Old Folks at Home, My Old Kentucky Home, and other American folktunes. Following the recognition which came to him as a result of this work, he was for many years in demand as a lecturer on these and kindred subjects. These were busy years as the lecture dates had to be arranged so as not to interfere with the church work. This last summer Mr. Henry Ford had Mr. Milligan in Detroit to speak on the subject of Stephen Foster's place in the music of America in connection with the recognition of Foster in which Mr. Ford has taken a keen interest.

In 1925 Mr. Milligan became Executive Director of the newly organized National Music League, a musical philanthropic organization of which he remained the guiding spirit until 1932,

(*Continued on page 223*)

ARM REST—CHOIR STALL

Psalm 148—"Both young men and maidens: old men and children; Let them praise the name of the Lord."

The Carillon of Cohasset

By Kamiel Lefévere

(The Thirteenth in a Series of Articles on "Singing Towers")

Sunset and Peace, and breezes through the trees.
A silent grey tower on a mute cliff.
Below, a dark road, and hurrying cars,
And voices of people. . . .

–Harold W. Melvin.

A HUSH, a dearth of all sounds except the faint brilliant tinkling of little bells, like dewdrops in early morning; a tiny ray of golden light high from the rugged bell-nest, like a guiding star in the night, a shower of notes like little birds, followed by wild cascades of rhythm and color, spraying the air with a shower of foaming and leaping sounds, haunting melodies, plaintive notes, joy and pathos and laughter, carrying their message into hundreds of homes—this is the carillon at Cohasset.

The town itself, in the heart of New England country, between the South Shore and the Cape, in Massachusetts, presents a unique setting of typical beauty, with its famous St. Stephen's Church and Singing Tower, built on a lofty rock and overlooking the green open common, surrounded with quaint old homes of colonial type, painted in white, substantial in style and appearance, and half-hidden amidst rich green gardens and shady trees, in poetic dreaming quietness, like bashful maidens in summer dress. The grey tower, throwing its dark image in the peaceful pool below, looks far out over land and sea.

This famous church, built in 1900 by Cram, Goodhue and Ferguson, who have since enriched the United States, Canada, and Cuba with lovely churches and magnificent public buildings, is known as the "Pilgrimage Church" since the installation of the carillon. It is built of Weymouth granite, rich in color, and in the English perpendicular style. Its stained glass windows in the nave and the south aisle are of rare beauty, augmenting the inside atmosphere with a touch of deep golden finish.

The stone font, of which the bowl and base are a restoration, comes from the parish church of St. Andrew, Hingham, England, and is the oldest and most famous one in America. It dates from 1350 A.D. in the reign of Edward III. In it were baptized the remote ancestors of the Lincolns and many of the original settlers of the South Shore.

A carillon of twenty-three bells, cast by Gillett and Johnston, of Croydon, England, was installed in 1924 as a gift of Mrs. Hugh Bancroft, in memory of her mother, Mrs. Jessie M. Barron. An addition of twenty smaller bells came in 1925, and again in 1928 eight more bells were added in the lowest register, making it one of the larger carillons. Its very size helps to bring out the full beauty of carillon music.

On the Bourdon Bell is cast the following inscription:

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, COHASSET

"To the glory of God and in loving memory of Jessie M. Barron, 1851-1918.
"O ye spirits and souls of the righteous, bless ye the Lord; Praise Him and Magnify Him forever."

The weight of the Bourdon Bell is 11,760 pounds and the total weight of the 51 bells is 64,084 pounds.

The carillonneur at present is the young and most enthusiastic Edward Gammons, with promising qualities and fine musical taste.

The regular series of summer recitals, given here since 1924, with a weekly Sunday afternoon and Tuesday evening recital, attended by thousands of people coming from far and near, constitutes one of the principal opportunities for creating interest in carillon music on this continent, spreading the beauty of the carillon art throughout the whole country, singing its way into every heart with a friendly song and a warm greeting.

. . . The tower is mute once more.
The singing fingers are still.
Music dims as a fading torch.
Silence wraps the cliff and song.
Hush! In thousands of hearts still rings
The wild sweet music
Of the carillon of Cohasset!

The Latchstring

As these lines are written the summer is nearly over and the fall program is at hand. The outstanding consideration in our minds and hearts as we face the year's work is the assurance that Dr. Fosdick will be back in his place on September 29th completely restored to health, and ready, as only he can be ready, to carry on his ministry of preaching, teaching, and serving. This readiness on his part is not, however, something to which we are looking forward as a future reality.

Every day now brings a letter or a telegram which, whatever its specific topic may be, gives abundant evidence that our minister is very active right now and is keeping in closest touch with all that is going on here. Once more we are in the very healthy situation of "trying to keep up" with the fast and steady pace of a man of abounding energy.

▽

The new school and playground facilities which are now available on the lot south of our building call for some supervision and will occasion some adjustments in our week-day set-up. Part of the equipment will be used regularly by the Nursery School and to that degree will relieve the pressure on the tower rooms. Presumably the hard surfaced play area will bring additional teen-age boys into our program and will call for wise and friendly planning.

Beyond these immediate uses to which the area will be put one can readily imagine still other uses which time and experience will disclose.

▽

On August 22nd Mr. Lefévere, our carillonneur, played a memorial program on the carillon while the funeral service of Will Rogers was being held in California. In the program were included, in recognition of the essential Americanism of Will Rogers, a familiar folk song, "My Old Kentucky Home," two popular songs having the touch of Western life," The Last Round-up" and "The Home on the Range." "Lead, Kindly Light," "Abide With Me," and Chopin's "Funeral March" concluded the brief recital.

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New York City is so frequently thought of as being neglectful of religious privileges and criticized for the relatively small "Sunday School" attendance in the churches that we would submit the following incident as an illustration of the truth that here, as elsewhere, the impression is determined by the particular circumstances.

A family that has lived in our neighborhood for about six years found it necessary to move about the country while the father searched for a new business connection. The children, two of them, had enrolled in our Church School as soon as they were old enough and attended regularly during the years they were here. Then came a period of frequent changes of domicile but at last they settled down in St. Louis and when the mother announced that they could go back to Church School, the older child replied with evident and absolute conviction—"Why, mother, we can't to to a Church School here. They only have Church Schools in New York."

HAROLD VINCENT MILLIGAN

(Continued from page 218)

when the increasing responsibilities of his work at Riverside Church forced him to give up outside activities.

He was Secretary of the American Guild of Organists for two years and President of The National Association of Organists for three years. He has had extensive experience as an organ recitalist, having played in many states.

He has made several trips to Europe where he studied church and organ music as it is exemplified in England, France, Germany, and Italy.

In recognition of the completion of twenty years as organist of The Riverside Church by Dr. Milligan, there will be a special "Ministry of Music" service on the afternoon of October 13th. It is particularly appropriate that the Ministry of Music series of afternoon services should be opened this year with this recognition in honor of Dr. Milligan, for this type of service was first inaugurated by him in Park Avenue Church more than ten years ago. It has served as the regular "second service" during the fall, winter and spring of each year that we have been in the Riverside Building. The idea constitutes a bit of new technique in the conduct of public worship in that regularly each year for a number of months one major service of the church is given over primarily to music. So-called "special services" of music have a long standing history in church work, but the Ministry of Music is in every sense a regular service which runs continuously through the more active months of the church year. The public is specially invited to be present on October 13th, to greet Dr. Milligan and to share the music that is to be participated in by other choirs and many visiting musicians.

▽

PRAYER

(Continued from page 213)

brotherhood against racial prejudice let Thy benediction rest!

O God, who hast set us in a law-abiding world, where we must by Thy grace fulfil the conditions of the things that we desire, undergird us with a new confidence that Thou art behind us and within us and ahead of us, and from this place where we have thought and prayed together send us forth better soldiers of the common good. We ask it in the spirit of Christ. Amen.

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HENRY C. PELTON

On August 28th Henry C. Pelton died after an illness of many weeks which culminated in pneumonia. The funeral service was held in our chapel at three o'clock the following day, attended by the immediate family, a small group of Mr. Pelton's colleagues in his firm, and representative officers of The Riverside Church. A memorial service will be held at a later date when it will be possible for the great company of people with whom Mr. Pelton has worked and served in innumerable projects to participate.

In this church we will remember him always for what he did to make our building a monument of enduring interest to the general public and a place of worship which we find to be more and more suggestive, as we come to know it better, of God above and beyond, as well as within. We have a sculptured figure of Mr. Pelton standing in a niche of the Cloister wall which will serve to perpetuate his name among us, but truly of this man we can say to any who would ask to see his monument, "Look about you."

The Riverside Church as an institution has suffered a great loss in the passing of Mr. Pelton. His interest here was not merely the outgrowth of his responsibility for the design and construction of the edifice. Here he had many close friends who found in him a rare charm. Here with his wife he held his church membership and with her occupied a large place in the worship and fellowship of the congregation. Our sympathy goes out to Mrs. Pelton in the loss that has come to her even as we express anew our appreciation of the life of a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SERVICE

OF

The Church Monthly

▽

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